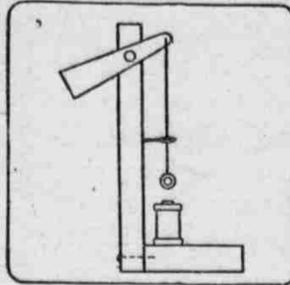


FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

NEAT LITTLE ELECTRIC TOY

Semaphore May Be Operated by Use of Piece of Soft Iron and a Small Electro-Magnet.

Place a small electro-magnet upon a platform as shown, says the Popular Electricity. After securing the semaphore arm in place at the top of the post, fasten a string to it and pass



Toy Semaphore.

the string through a screw-eye guide. To the lower end of the string attach a piece of soft iron which should be heavy enough so that when current passes through the electro-magnet the soft iron will be pulled down and the signal arm raised.

BEGINNING OF "MRS. GRUNDY"

Like Most of Other Famous Matrons, She Sprang From Fertile Brain of Literary Genius.

Mrs. Grundy is a comparatively recent creation. Like Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Partington, and a host of other famous matrons, she sprang from the fertile brain of literary genius.

Thomas Morton, a forgotten London playwright, is her authentic sponsor, and she made her debut on the boards of a London theater in 1798, the vehicle of her maiden appearance being a comedy of some theatrical effectiveness entitled "Speed the Plow."

In the play Dame Grundy is the wife of a rich and successful farmer, Dame Ashfield, another farmer's wife, for whom she is the object of innocent envy and idolatrous adoration, can do nothing but talk of her and quote her and invoke her approval on every occasion and with reference to every subject.

When she returns from the market she tells her husband that Mrs. Grundy's eggs and cattle are the best she has seen there; and when news comes that their daughter has married a title she exclaims:

"Our Nellie married to a real baronet! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say?" Her husband betrays great irritation at every such reference, and finally breaks forth:

"Be quiet, woolly! Always din, ding-ding Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think? Can't thee be quiet, let me alone, and behave thyself, Matty?" But the good dame is not to be silenced.

A Sacred Secret.

The inspector in an English school was questioning the small boys.

"Can you take your warm overcoat off?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the ready response.

"Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

There was a perplexed silence. Then a little boy spoke up: "Please, sir, 'cause the good Lord alone knows where the buttons is."—National Monthly.

RIDDLES

- What did Adam first set in the garden of Eden?
His foot.
- Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted?
Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.
- Why are the pages of a book like the days of man?
Because they are numbered.
- How would you speak of a tailor when you did not remember his name?
As Mr. So-and-So (sew and sew).
- Why is a leaf of a tree like the human body?
Because it has veins in it.
- When are soldiers like good flannels?
When they don't shrink.
- Why is a bad picture like weak tea?
Because it is not well drawn.
- Why are two young ladies kissing each other like an emblem of Christianity?
Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.
- Why is a dressmaker a deceptive woman?
Because she is not what she seems.
- Why is a thief called a jailbird?
Because he's been a robin.
- When is a blow from a lady rather pleasant?
When she strikes you agreeably.

BOYS LEAVE FARM FOR CITY

Strong and Rather Reliable Light Thrown on Subject by Professor Bailey of Cornell.

Professor Leon H. Bailey of Cornell university has been conducting some inquiries as to why boys leave the farm, which throw a strong and rather reliable light upon this much discussed question.

He addressed a circular letter to all students of Cornell who, he had reason to believe, were born in the country.

Among the replies received were 155 from persons bred on the farm, and planning to leave it. These assigned some 298 reasons why they were leaving the farm, the same being roughly classified as follows:
Question of financial reward.....101
Question of physical labor..... 78
Question of social and intellectual ideals 78
Miscellaneous handicaps 41
Professor Bailey summarizes as follows:

It is easy to say that this financial unsuccess is due to poor individual farming, but it is a question whether a good part is not due to causes that go further and deeper than this.

Farming is virtually the only great series of occupations that is unorganized, unsyndicated, unmonopolized, uncontrolled, except as it is dominated by natural laws of commerce and the arbitrary limitations imposed by organization in other business.

The replies of these serious-minded youths should also set every thoughtful person wondering what is to be the place of the farmer in the social scheme of things, and whether the present trend is doing him complete justice.

About 17 per cent. of the replies considered that the farmer has distinct social disabilities.

They suggest the question as to how far agriculture is to depend for its progress on the efforts of the individual farmer.

BOTTLE DRESSED LIKE DOLL

Children Will Hold It Instead of Tossing It Aside, Thereby Getting Benefit of Hot Water.

The New York woman who devised the water bottle baby showed keen insight into juvenile psychology. Incidentally she overcame the child's natural tendency to toss aside anything of medicinal purpose. Or it may be



Water Bottle Baby.

wrong to say incidentally, for that was the prime motive of the invention. Any one who has tried to make a child hold a hot water bottle against it can testify to the difficulty of the task. The illustration shows how this may be done. A doll's head is fastened to the bottom of the bottle and a dress allowed to drape over it in loose folds. The garment completely conceals the bottle, and a child will nurse the doll and get all the benefit to be derived from the hot bottle, without knowing it is being "treated."

POINTERS FOR COUNTRY BOY

Simple and Practical Suggestions for Youth to Follow While on Hunting Expedition.

Don't pull your gun after you when you climb or crawl through a barb wire fence. Push it through first, with the muzzle away from you.

If you fall in going down steep hills or over rough ground don't turn your gun loose. Hang on to it, and keep the muzzle pointed the other way.

Don't shoot even approximately in the direction of anyone in the woods, as a plancing bullet may strike them quite a bit to one side of the object at which you aim.

Don't forget that the smaller a rifle or shotgun the more steady you must hold it when you shoot. It takes a mighty good shot to do long-range shooting with a small target-rifle.

Don't pull the trigger until you're sure you know what you are shooting at. Quite a number of men are in their graves now because in a quick glance the nervous hunter took them to be a deer or a wild turkey among the bushes.

If you are in the woods a long time, and do a lot of shooting, don't fail to give your gun one cleaning, especially if a target-rifle or pump-gun. It will shoot truer.

For Hoarseness.

Father was examining the mechanism of an auto honker that was out of order.
"What are you going to do with it?" asked Benjamin, aged nine years.
"I think I'll try pouring a little oil in it," replied the father.
"Oh nothing!" exclaimed Benjamin.
"What that thing needs is cough strap."

The ONCOOKER

S. E. KISER

The PITCHER in the GAME of LIFE



Yesterday he won his game, Everybody wildly praised him; Lovingly they spoke his name, On their shoulders proud men raised him;

Yesterday his curves were great, Splendid batters fell before him; He has lost the game, confound him! Yesterday a hero, but, Bricks today are falling round him.

He is walking from the field, Sady, slowly, unattended; With his features half concealed, All his former glory ended, He is hissed and termed a "nut," He has lost the game, confound him! Yesterday a hero, but, Bricks today are falling round him.

Dreams.
"Oh, I had a beautiful dream last night," said Mrs. Peckham. "I dreamed that you had done something heroic for which the people were all praising you; but instead of permitting yourself to be carried away by success you took me in your arms, before the multitude, and kissed me, and cried aloud so all might hear, that you had had but one thought in accomplishing your glorious achievement, and that was my happiness."

"That was quite a dream," Mr. Peckham answered, "but I had a nicer one. I dreamed that you and I had started alone through a great forest, where there were many wild beasts. We had gone for miles into the depths, I fully armed and prepared to protect you with my life. We were like another Adam and Eve, the only human beings there. On and on we went, you clinging to me and assuring me of your faith in me, until finally—" "Yes, dear," she urged, when he hesitated, "until finally—" "Until finally you let go of my arm for a moment and got lost."

As Applied to Family Affairs.

"What," asked the teacher, "does anthracite mean?" "That's a kind of coal," said little Willie.

"Yes. Anthracite coal is what we call hard coal. So anthracite must mean hard. Now can you tell me what bituminous means?" "That's coal, too," Willie replied.

"But it isn't the same kind of coal that anthracite is, is it? Bituminous coal is what we commonly refer to as soft coal. Now, Willie, let us see if you can form a sentence containing the words anthracite and bituminous." Willie thought the matter over for a minute and then said: "Here's one. This morning before pa started downtown ma wanted \$5 for groceries and things, and she tried to get it by saying bituminous words, but pa gave her an anthracite look, and when he disappeared around the corner she was weeping bituminously."

Their Little Weaknesses.

"Nations and women are a good deal alike."
"In what way?"
"Well, when one woman gets a new hat her neighbor wants to go right away and get a better one, and when one nation builds a new war ship all the others start right out to get bigger ones."

Business for Him.

Little Charles—Sister told mamma yesterday you was born to be a politician.
Mr. Skimpley—A politician? I wonder why she thinks so.
Little Charles—She says you can do so much talkin' without committin' yourself.

His Old Habits Abandoned.

"It was too bad about Nell Richmond's husband dying so suddenly, wasn't it?"
"Did he die suddenly?"
"Yes; had'n't you heard about it?"
"No; I thought he was from Philadelphia."

Cornered.

I heard Cordelia sing, last night, I heard her sing and play— I heard her do these things because I couldn't get away.

S. E. Kiser.

BIT ABSENT-MINDED

Important Chapter in the Hum-Drum Existence of a Young Rector.

By MARY MARSHALL.

Being moderately absent-minded cast an interesting aura about the personality of the new rector, the Rev. Archibald Demarest, but when carried to the extreme this trait had its drawbacks, and thereby hangs an important chapter in the Rev. Archibald's hum-drum existence. The fact that he one day forgot to eat his lunch—an intelligence handed over the back fence of the neat little rectory garden by his faithful housekeeper Maggie to Molly the Stevenson's cook, and thus by way of the Stevenson's drawing room through the neighborhood—filled the hearts of his feminine parishioners with sympathetic concern. The fact that the cause of the rector's pre-occupation on this occasion was a good run of trout in the little hillside stream a few miles from the rectory would not have added to the glamor and Maggie, being a woman of discernment, did not mention this fact to Molly across the fence.

One day, a fresh mild spring day, the rector did not come in to dinner till 8 o'clock, and Maggie always had dinner ready at 6. When she asked him why he was so late as she stood at his side, as he hastily ate his soup, he looked up in surprise at her. Then he drew out his watch and whistled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "how the afternoon flew!" and when Maggie waited for an explanation the rector offered none.

After dishes were washed Maggie hastened to the back fence to tell Molly, but Molly had something to say herself.

"I don't know what ever is getting into Miss Hortense," she said. "She never came in to dinner till 8 o'clock, and we always have it at half past six. And the funny thing is that she didn't know she was late. She said she had been walking but she didn't say who with."

Maggie looked knowingly at Molly. "I have suspicioned it all along," she said. "I won't say anything that isn't my affair, but I will say that the Rev. Archibald didn't come in himself till 8 and whistled when I told him he was two hours late. You can draw your own conclusions."

Maggie's suspicion was before long making its way through the parish. There was little room for doubt that Hortense and her neighbor, the rector, were much together, and there was no one in the parish who seemed to keep such a good run of church affairs as Miss Hortense who, until the new rector had come, had been lukewarm, if not a positive backslider.

But in spite of Hortense's interest and help Archibald grew even more absent-minded. On one occasion he read morning prayer at Sunday vespers, and a week later he announced the hour of the ladies' missionary society as 3 o'clock in the morning in the rector's study. But such slips could be overlooked.

It was three hours before vespers on the following Sunday afternoon. Archibald was lazing in his comfortable little study and Maggie was out for the afternoon. A small boy from the country came breathless to the rectory door and between gasps explained:

"Mamma sent me for the doctor and he is away for the day. Baby's got a fit and papa has gone up the river. But I guess you can help if you hurry."

Archibald stopped long enough to reflect that vespers was not till 5 and that it was about 3 o'clock then, and that he could go straight from his visit to church. He put the notes for his address in his coat pocket and with admirable forethought remembered a first-aid-to-the-injured kit from his study desk—one that he used when taking his choir boys camping. He did not know much about fits, but still he might need it so he put it with a roll of bandaging and a medicine case into a neat black leather bag that he used to carry his vestments in to weddings and funerals.

About fifteen minutes later when Archibald had reached the small two-room cottage by the riverside about a mile from the rectory he found a scene of confusion. There were four peevish children, a smoky fire, a tired worn mother and a vigorous-lunged baby whose "fits" proved to be merely a case of bad temper. Archibald fixed the fire, humored the children, consoled the mother and managed to feed the baby some warm milk. Fifteen minutes before church time he made a break to leave. He could imagine what confusion his absence from church would cause, and yet as the poor mother begged him tearfully to stay "just a while longer," at least till the baby's father got back from the river where he was fishing, Archibald didn't have the heart to leave.

Archibald knew that it was not a case of life and death, but still the mother's tears made it impossible for him to go. He remembered what Hortense Stevenson had told him the day before about his duty to the poor people of his parish, and he had a pleasing feeling of doing something of which she would approve as he decided to stay with the poor woman till her husband returned. Fortunately for Archibald the father did return in about a half an hour, and after a few words of advice and good cheer and a little difficulty in collecting his scattered belongings, the young clergyman hastened toward church.

His lay reader, of course, would have begun the service, and he would

still be there in time for the address. Archibald felt an exhilarating sense of being necessary as he hastened toward the church. He would slip into the vestry, quickly don his vestments and slip through the side entrance to the chancel. The eyes of his faithful congregation would be turned toward him—he knew that—and of them all it would be the questioning, anxious eyes of Hortense that would count. Then after service he would hurry away from church, and not stay to answer any of the curious questionings as to what had caused his delay. He would go back to the rectory and then after supper he would slip over to Hortense. Hortense would be expecting him, for it was only two days before that he had told her of his love for her, and that she had given him a properly reticent answer. He had been allowed to hope. Archibald calculated the probable effect that his story of the afternoon's experience would have upon her. He would not make too much of it—that would be boastful—but when she asked, as of course she would, what had detained him, he would in an off-hand way let her know what he had done.

Up to the time of slipping over to Hortense after supper things happened as Archibald had expected. In fact he found Hortense dressed in the soft pink and white dress he liked so well, sitting by a low electric reading as he entered the drawing room, which the rest of the Stevensons had, with their usual consideration, seen fit to abandon at the time for his call.

Archibald hurried to her with outstretched hands, but Hortense greeted him with a cool raising of the eyebrow that took his breath away. He pulled a chair to the side of the table where she sat, and waited for her to say something.

"I hardly knew whether to expect you or not," she said with a forced laugh calculated to freeze a much more daring heart than that of Archibald Demarest.

"Hortense," said Archibald, feeling a curious chokiness, as he drew up to the idol of his dreams. He had never seen her in this mood, and he was quite unprepared for it. "I couldn't miss this, no matter how busy my day had been."

"No?" said Hortense with a rising inflection. "It would perhaps be more to your credit if you felt as much devotion to vespers as you profess you feel for me."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Do you know, I couldn't make out what made you seem so stand-offish when I came in. That's all, isn't it, dear—dearest?" It was rather hard in the face of Hortense's prolonged frigidness to come out with the newly-permitted terms of endearment, but Archibald was making a great effort. "I never knew till two hours before vespers and I tried to get back in time."

Hortense's eyes were bright with anger. "You needn't make any excuses," she said, drawing from his outstretched hand. "You could have been man enough—"

"Man enough! Why, Hortense, I thought I did the manly thing. I thought it was just the sort of thing

"Manly thing to come in half an hour late to vespers! A little absent-mindedness isn't inexcusable—What, you didn't forget? You did it on purpose? Wait till you explain? You need make no explanations, Mr. Demarest."

"It was a small matter," said Archibald, helplessly.

"A small matter to go fishing on Sunday afternoon and not to get back till vespers was half over! That was a small matter, was it?"

Archibald dropped to his knees before Hortense. "Why on earth do you think I was fishing?"

"Because you weren't clever enough to conceal the fact, I suppose."

"Hortense, Hortense," pleaded the rector. "Won't you think better of me? I went out to help a poor woman whose baby was having fits and—"

"Yes, and stopped to fish on the way home and forgot all about vespers. I am sorry, Mr. Demarest, but I would rather end our friendship here."

Hortense suddenly regained her composure and Archibald jumped to his feet as Molly came into the drawing room.

"Please, sir," she said, with a smile, "Maggie just asked me over the fence, could you step back to the rectory a minute. There is a little boy there says you must have took his father's satchel of fish home by mistake. He's got your black bag with the bandages in it, and says will you please accept three of the largest trouts in the catch and leave him have the rest?"

As a light of understanding broke over Archibald's face Molly added in an aside to Hortense, "It's all right about Mr. Demarest. He wasn't fishing at all. You see, Mr. Demarest," turning to the clergyman with a confidential air, "Maggie was sure when you brought home the bag of fish that you had been off fishing, and she told me and I told Miss Hortense."

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

High Diplomacy.

The little girl had been so outrageously naughty that it was decided that she should not be allowed to attend the party to which she and her sister had been invited. On the day of the festivity the mother called in person to pick up her offending daughter, and bring her home again.

"Well," she asked, "and did you explain to Mr. B— how naughty Betty had been and how I kept her at home to punish her?"

"Oh, no, mammy," came the answer; "I didn't think that 'ud do. I just said she'd gone to a much bigger party."

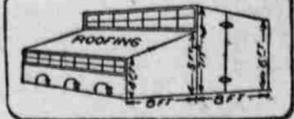
FARM POULTRY

GOOD HOUSE FOR THE FOWLS

Should Have Southern Front and Yards May Be Laid Off for Individual Pens if Desired.

A good poultry house may be built after plans shown in the drawing. Such a house may be made any length desired and partitioned into six-foot breeding pens, 16 feet deep, which would give 7 1-3 square feet per bird for one male and 12 females. The house should have a cement or board floor and can be so built as to make it rat, wind and rain proof. I prefer a floor of cement, writes William Scott of Abilene, Kan., in the Farmers Mail and Breeder.

The house should front south and yards may be laid off for the use of



Good for Several Uses.

Individual pens if desired. This kind of house is also suitable for raising early hatched chicks.

The upper windows are hinged so they may be swung open at any desired angle or to be hooked up as the weather demands. The lower front is covered with one-inch mesh wire and a drop canvas or windows may be used. The window should be hung so as to swing in at any desired angle. Roosts are placed along the north wall. A single roost running the length of the building and set out two feet from the north wall, may be made to serve the purpose.

A roost shield for cold weather can be made of a frame the length of the roosts and two feet wide, to be covered with sound burlap on top and sides. Place this frame six inches above the birds' heads and let the burlap hang a foot below the roosts. This frame should be drawn up out of the way each morning.

If nests are placed low enough not many hens will lay on the floor and it is often considered better still to place them right on the floor. A screen made of burlap so it will almost hide the nests make them more attractive to the hens and helps to prevent egg-eating.

'SULPHURING' THE HEN HOUSE

Job Should Be Performed at Least Once Every Month—First Remove All Combustibles.

To burn sulphur in a poultry house first remove all combustible matter. Then put an old iron kettle into a dishpan and place on four bricks in the middle of the house. In the kettle put some cobs which have been soaked in a solution of one part of pine tar to four parts of kerosene, sprinkle the sulphur over the cobs and set on fire.

Be sure to have everything arranged so as to beat a hasty retreat from the room and close the door quickly as the sulphur fumes are suffocating. Sulphur burned in this manner will penetrate every crevice as well as covering the surface and aids wonderfully in purifying the building and in destroying poultry vermin.

One pint of turpentine may be added to the half gallon of kerosene as well as the pine tar with beneficial results. Once a month is none too often to burn sulphur in every poultry house.

DOULTRY NOTES

Never breed from immature stock. Ground bone is great for laying hens.

The first symptoms of roup—swollen eyes.

Dampness and chilling mean sure death to chicks.

Do not allow the fowls to be exposed to the strong winds.

Soft-shelled eggs are a sign of lack of lime or of over-feeding.

Scrub hens kept by scrub poultrymen make a bad combination.

Sifted ashes scattered under the roosts make an excellent absorbent.

Try hard never to catch a hen by the wing or feathers; grab her by the legs.

A little granulated charcoal mixed in the soft feed is excellent in cases of diarrhoea.

If there are cracks in the walls of the houses, the chilly winds are sure to create a draft.

The best way to run an incubator is to follow the directions that come with the machine.

The hen that will not scratch for her living is too lazy to make you a profit as a layer.

Leghorns make poor sitters. Better not trust the eggs to them. They are better layers and foragers than sitters.